The Stock Exchange
in Caricature

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The Stock Exchange in Caricature

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The Stock Exchange in Caricature

A Private Collection of Caricatures, Cartoons and Character Sketches of members of the New York Stock Exchange, humorously portraying their fads and foibles, and conveying the jovial spirit and good fellowship underlying the serious side of everyday life "on 'change."

Issued under the Direction of a
Committee of Members

PART ONE

NEW YORK
ABRAM STONE *Publisher*
1904

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Of this publication
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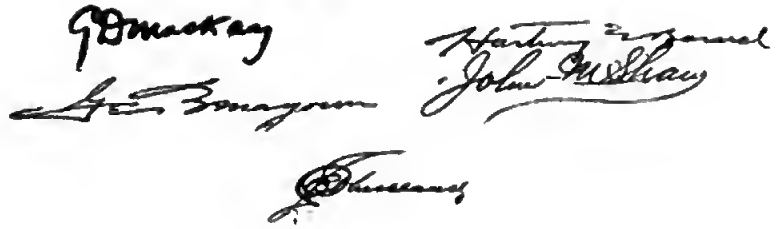
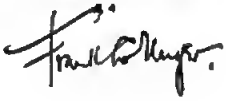
The Committee



The Artists

Quatrains

Engrossing



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Part One

1860 to 1870

Rudolph Keppler
Elias C. Benedict
Sylvester L. Blood
James Boyd
Ezra S. Connor
George F. Cummings
Walter S. Gurnee
Richard P. Herrick
Harry L. Horton
Alfred M. Judson
Donald Mackay
William McClure
James McCormick
James A. McMicken
H. Cruger Oakley
Edward L. Oppenheim
Charles M. Schott, Jr.
William E. Tunis
William Weeber
Stephen V. White
James Whitely
Daniel T. Worden

1870 to 1880

Richard H. Halsted
George D. Mackay
William A. Putnam
Frederick G. Renner

Russell Sage

1880 to 1890

Frederick T. Adams
Henry Block
Stephen H. Brown
Harry Content
Charles H. DeWitt
Robert P. Doremus

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Part One — continued

1880 to 1890—continued

Frederick Edey
Frederick S. Flower
Franklin W. Hopkins
James M. Leopold
Otto S. Loeb
James McGovern
Robert L. Niles
James H. Oliphant
William B. Oliver, Jr.
Dyer Pearl
William H. Sands
John M. Shaw
Isaac N. Spiegelberg
Joseph H. Sterling
George W. Stern
Henry S. Sternberger
Maurice M. Sternberger
William L. Stow
N. Townsend Thayer
Ferdinand M. Thieriot
Frederick B. Tilghman
Charles W. Turner
Edward R. Volmer
Edward Wasserman
Jesse Wasserman
J. Norman Whitehouse

1890 to 1900

Hartwig N. Baruch
Cleland Benedict
Lemuel C. Benedict
John Kerr Branch
Albert O. Brown
Philip T. Brown
Charles S. Bryan
Jacob Cahn
Jay F. Carlisle
Bird S. Coler
Walter J. Currie
Howard P. Frothingham
Robert Goodbody
Arthur M. Lawrence
I. Chauncey McKeever
Frederick W. Perry
Millard F. Polhemus
Henry W. Poor
Cornelius W. Provost
Nathaniel D. Putnam
Leonard Schafer
William H. Sussdorff
Talbot J. Taylor

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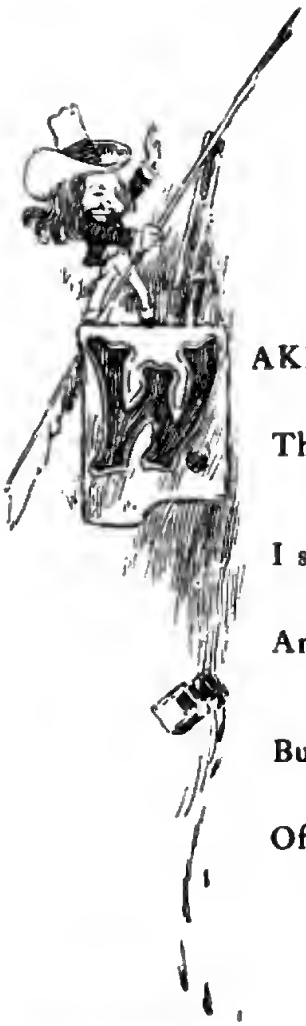
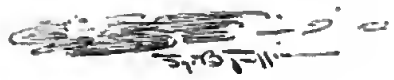


Quatrains

WAKE! For the pen that strives to see aright
Is slinging ink at foible, habit, plight,
That seem to specify the Kings of Gold,
And set endormant vanities alight.

I see the ghost of grim travesty stride
With brush envenomed, who good taste defied,
And drew me pictures of a noisy crew,
That slandered, stung, and very often lied.

But who is wounded by the honest fling
Of Friendship's banter, merits well the sting
Of pen and pencil; so awake and know
The phantoms hither borne on caustic wing.



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The Stock Exchange in Caricature

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MBITION hath indeed a mighty range
When spurred by thrift, but it is passing strange
How mere created man for twenty years
Could wield the gavel in a Stock Exchange.

RUDOLPH KEPPLER.

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RIEND of a Nation's erst-while President,
Foe to the jaunts not profitably spent;
Afloat, ashore, waking or dreaming, he
Conned only letters that would spell per-cent.

ELIAS C. BENEDICT

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ONEIDA
ONEIDA

"BENZINE buggy" under safe control,
A Yacht that sees but Ocean's gentlest roll;
The songs of masters sandwiched in between,
His name is first on Satisfaction's scroll.

SYLVESTER L. BLOOD

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RISE ye dullards! Move, financial colts!
Before this master hand of ohms and volts.
All stocks not telegraphic stir nor thrill
This pilot of the first Gould's thunderbolts.

JAMES BOYD

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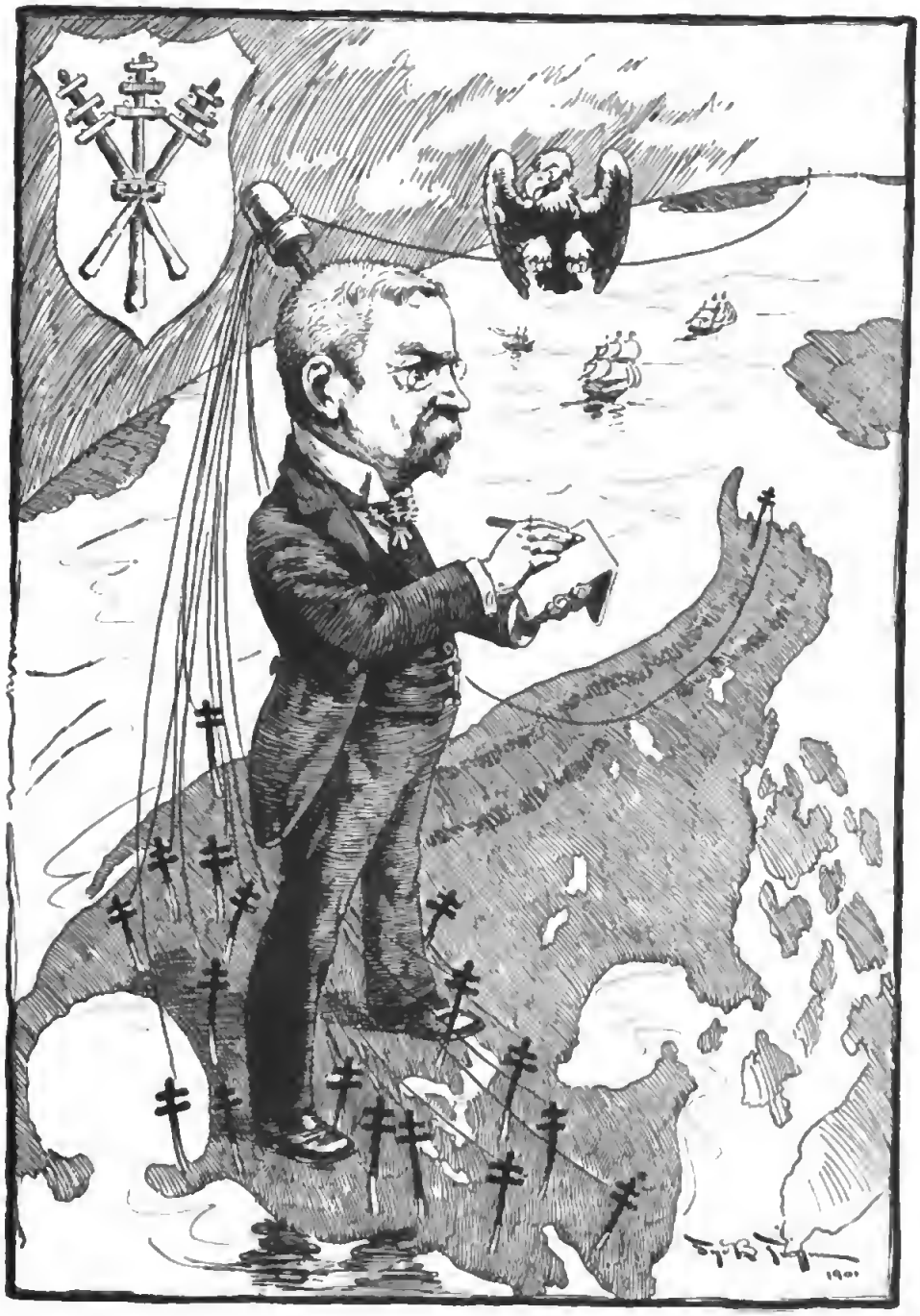

EWARE the man who hath no fish to fry;
Retirement's only business on the sly:
For he but fishes for the things of gold,
Preparing for some grand coup bye and bye.

EZRA S. CONNOR

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FISHIN' FOR GOLD FISH

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HO views a past without its stupid page,
With active reminiscence of the stage,
Who's the old Guard both on and off the floor,
Can sure disarm the ravages of age.

GEORGE F. CUMMINGS

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HO'S fond of good old wine, and hath in store
A wealth of tales of knickerbocker lore,
Grows never old, but in the young to-day
Is adolescing with the scenes of yore.

WALTER S. GURNEE

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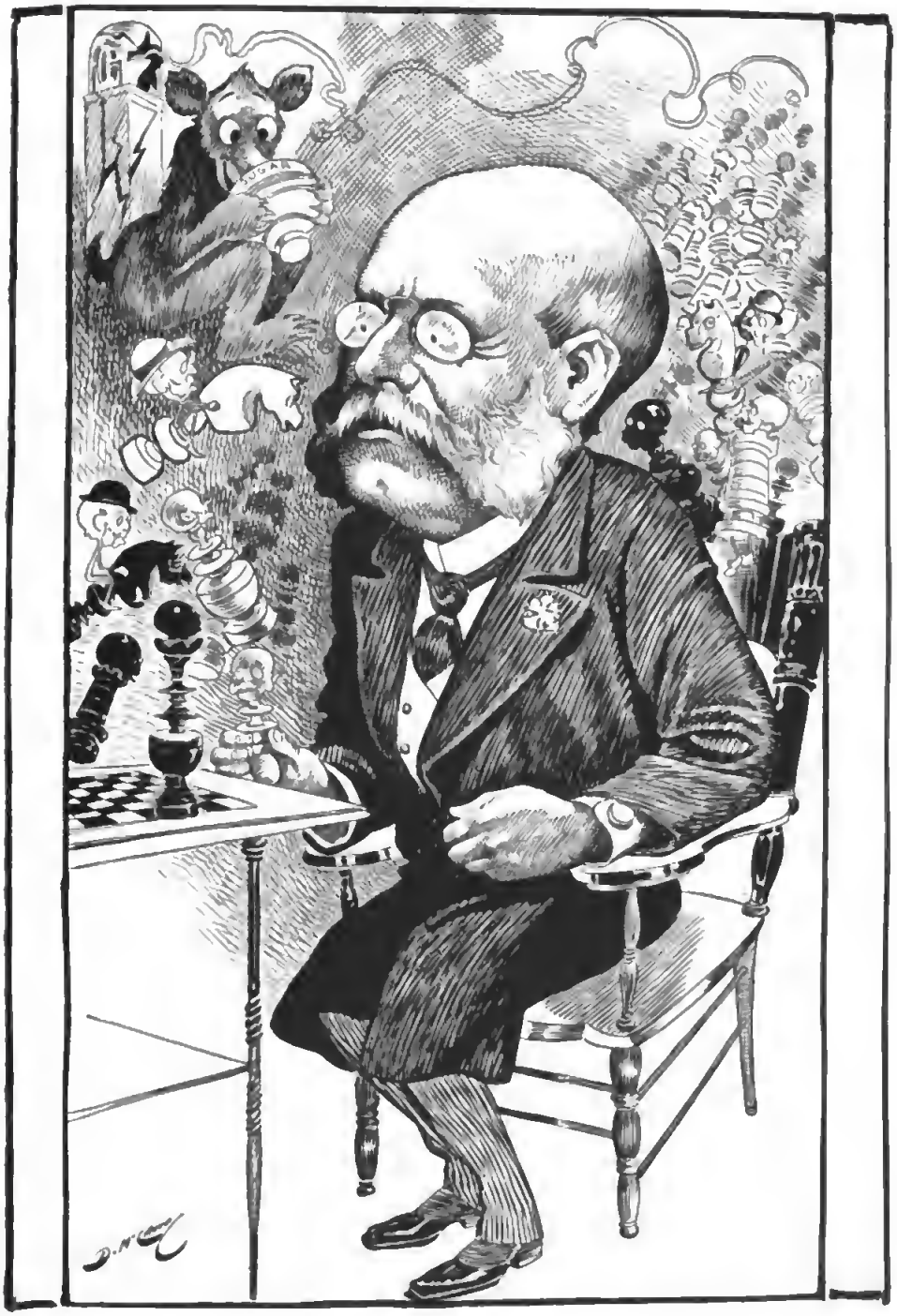
CHATEAU
1902.

HOSE by the heat of speculation fired
But little ken the peace of him retired.
No care save the companionship of friends,
No business that cannot be safely wired.

RICHARD P. HERRICK



APPY the man who hath a wealth of tales
So vast that mem'ry hath it stored in bales!
And happier he whose hearers are himself,
For then his wheeze or fable never fails.

HARRY L. HORTON

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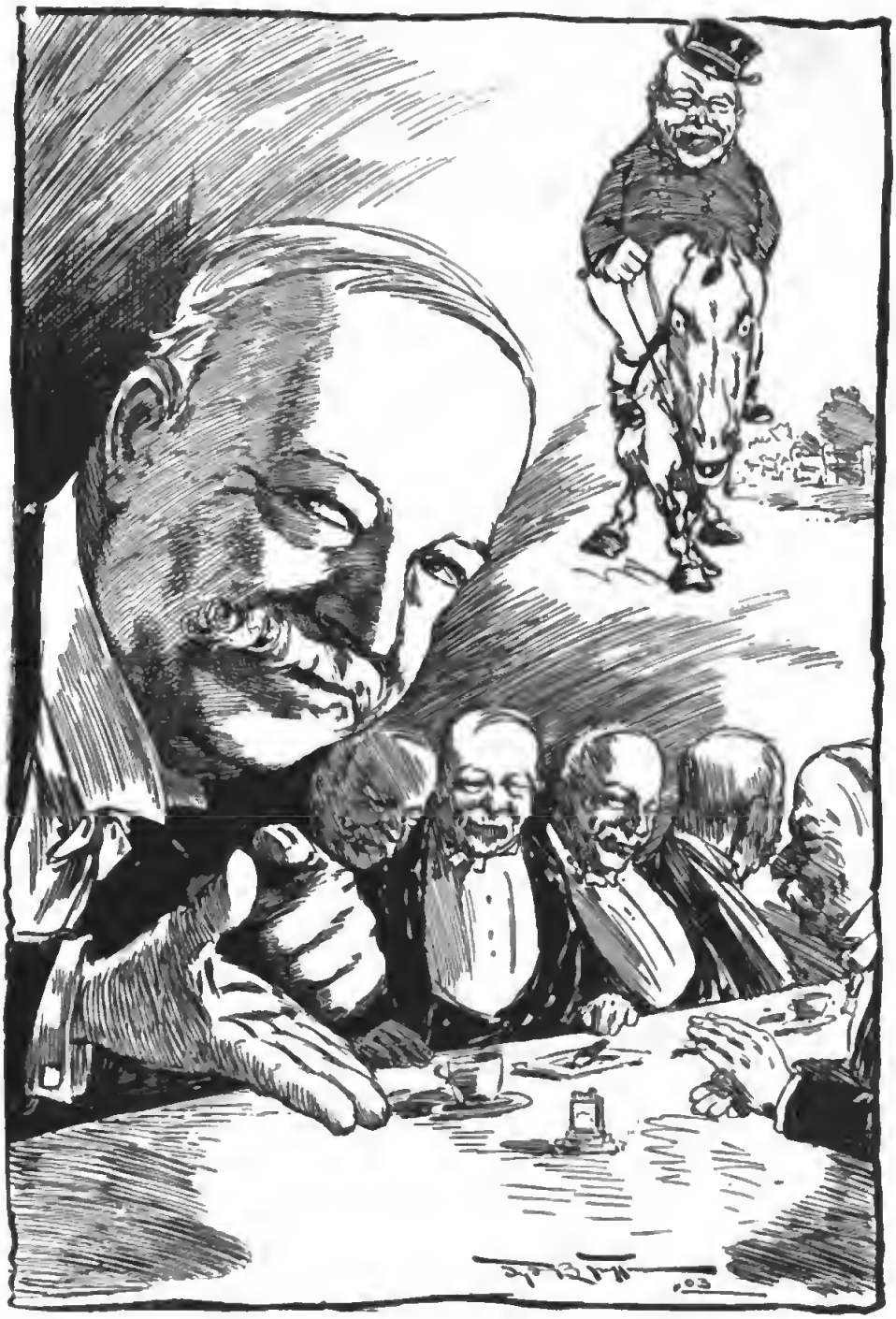

NE of the first "One Hundred" without doubt
Is young enough to tire our stripplings out;
For he has reeled off many scores of miles
From Maine to Gotham in a runabout.

ALFRED M. JUDSON

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40
THE "OLD HUNDRED"
MANILA

OR time nor tide for any man will wait."
So Sir Punctilious saith, who's never late.
Still there be those whose motto is "Forget,"
And yet they filch gold from the purse of Fate.

DONALD MACKAY

I DIDNT MEAN
TO BE LATE
PUNCTUALITY

DOUBT that pens are mightier than rakes,
Or roof-slates better than bucolic "Shakes";
Howe'er this be, our rural Secretaire
Rakes business hay with hand that never quakes.

WILLIAM MCCLURE

-Rigby-

WONDER if the good friends gone before us
Laugh when we laugh, or silently ignore us.
'Twere best to feel, since spirits never die,
That his still mingles in our merry chorus.

JAMES McCORMICK

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ERHAPS 'twere cruel, Friend, to call thee back;
But all men sigh for merry souls they lack.
Thy Pals on 'Change, thy Comrades of the Flag
March on toward the final Bivouac.

JAMES A. McMICKEN

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HOORAH FOR MAC!
J.B.M'S. HYS BOOKS

HE Squire of Dames scorns the advance of age,
For beaux can fascinate at any stage.
The secret's here:— Begin with peruquier,
And end with Chesterfieldian equipage.

H. Cruger Oakley

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SHAVING
$1.00

AGE Patriarch! Pray point us out the way
How forty years of speculation's sway
But added to thy power, while in thy time
Thou'st seen a thousand fortunes swept away.

EDWARD L. OPPENHEIM

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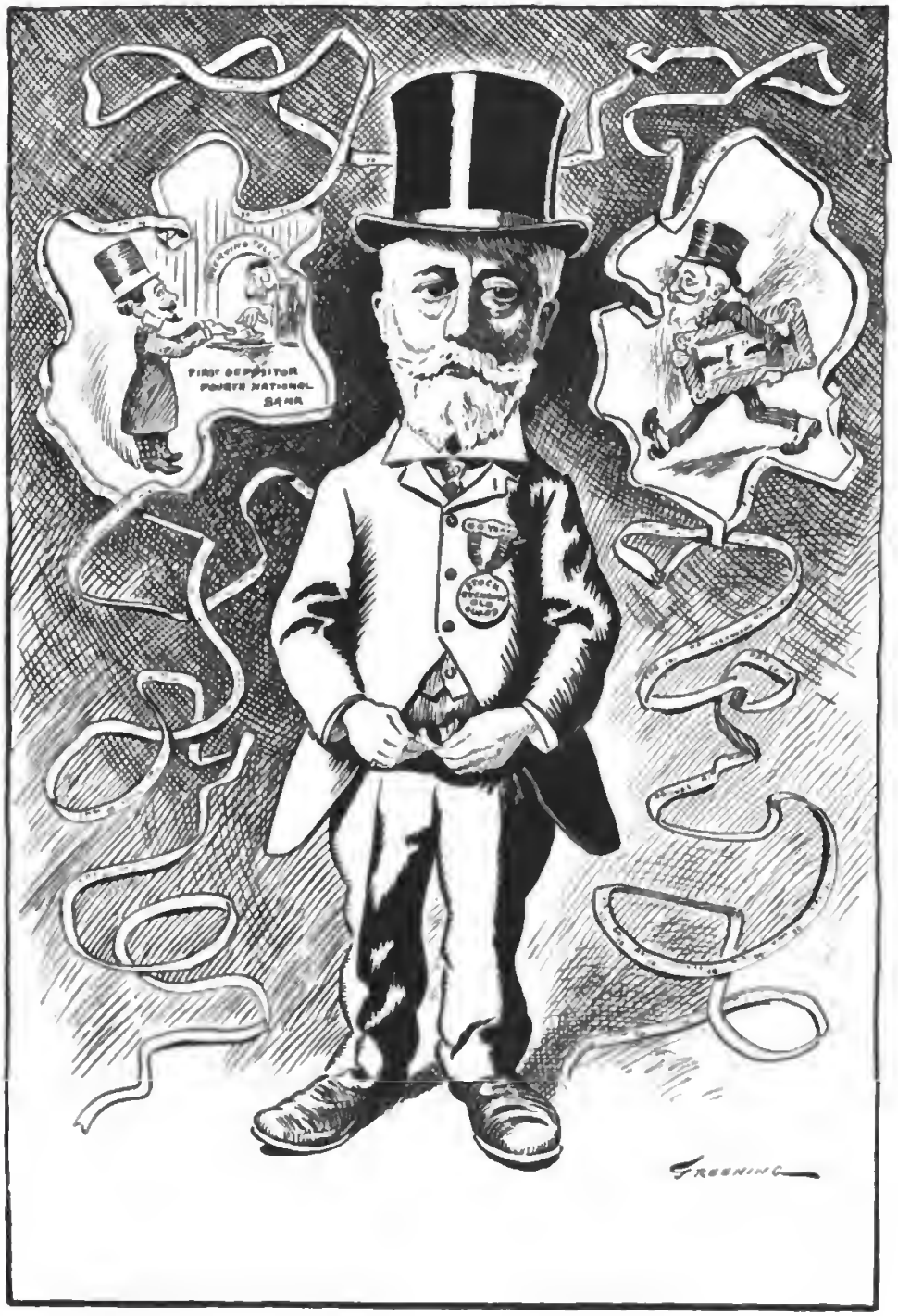
FIRST DEPOSITOR
FOURTH NATIONAL
BANK
FREENING

'VE wondered oft if Brokers deemed it strange
While angling on some well stocked fishing range,
That trout and bass no easier are snared,
Than human gudgeons on the Stock Exchange.

CHARLES M. SCHOTT, JR.

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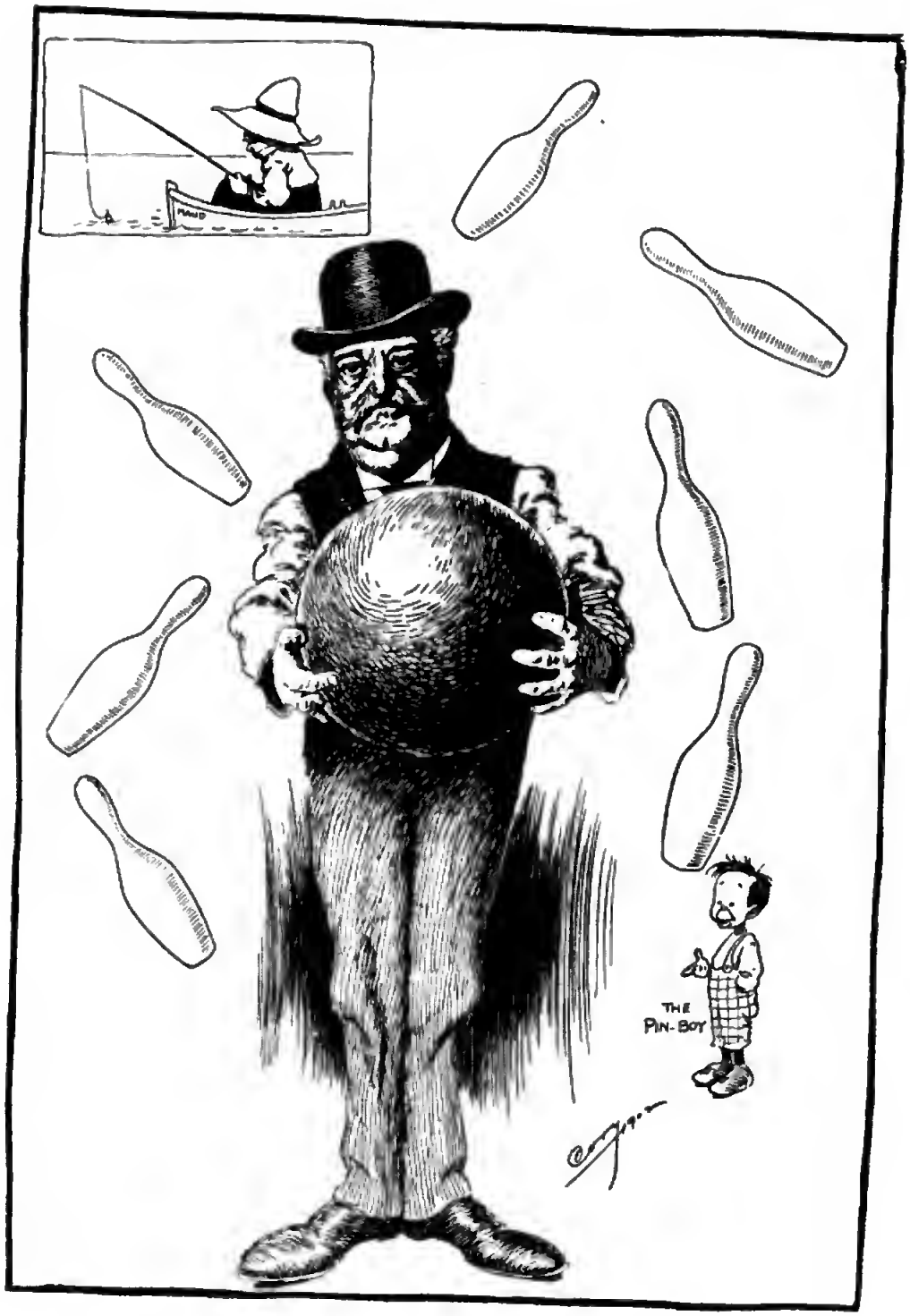
HIS ball and pins, this shirt-sleeved travesty
And angler old, as nothing seem to me;
For there are cheerier "balls" and angling too,
King Pin of which this Phantom seems to be.

WILLIAM E. TUNIS


THE
PIN-BOY

E smiles at Billiard Champion's shattered hopes,
Who has been chastened by the smiles of Popes;
And who can claim the friendship of a King,
Minds not how bare the gold mine's spurs and stopes.

WILLIAM WEBBER

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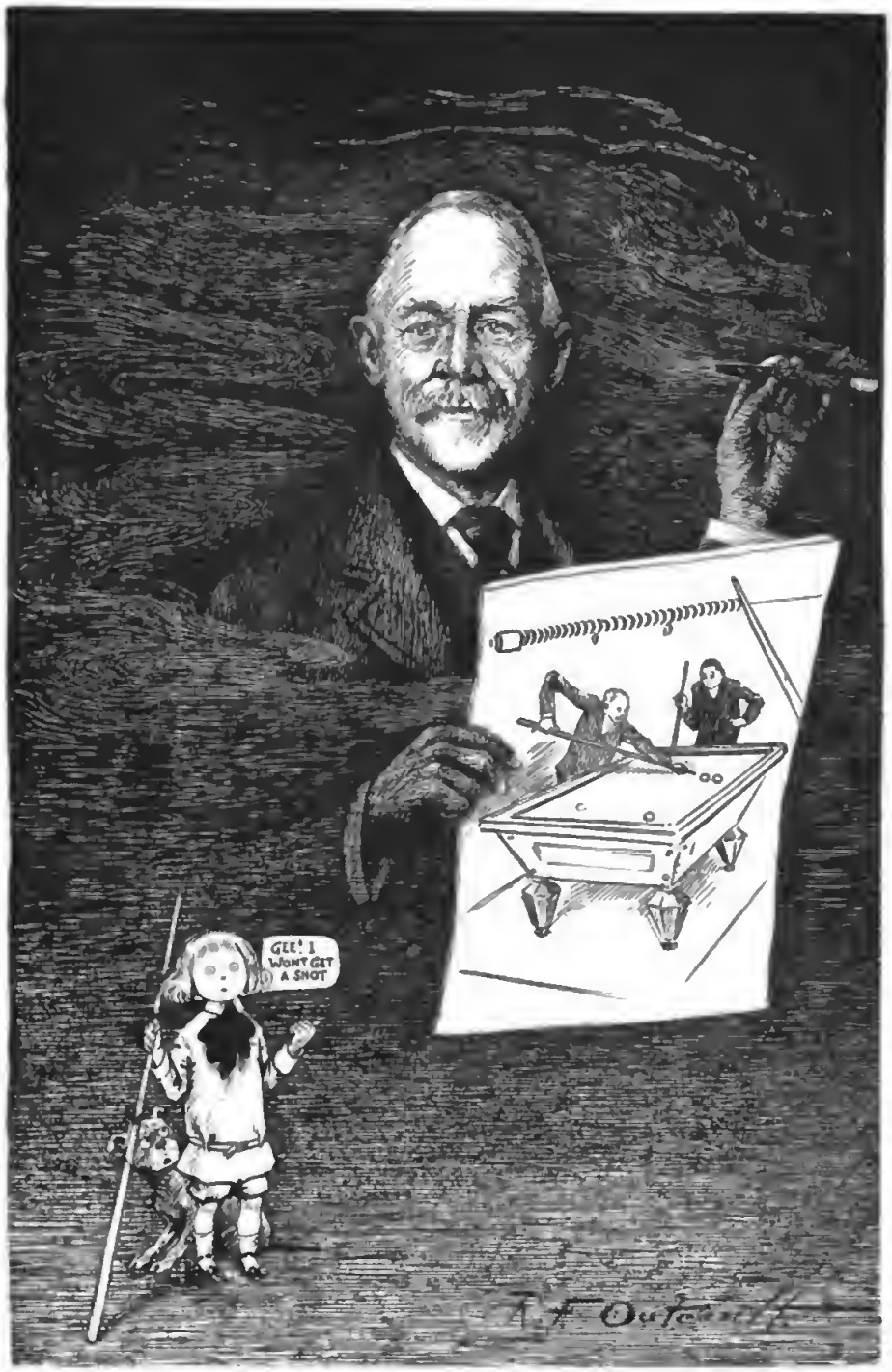
GEE! I WONT GET A SHOT

H lucky eye that reads signs in the stars!
'Tis said thou master'dst Mammon led by Mars;
And sure some Astrologic power was thine,
For failure on thy credit left no scars.

STEPHEN V. WHITE

THE DEACON'S OBSESSION
SIC GLORIA TRANSIT
MONEY

AMES lifts aloft full thirty stones or more,
He's swift of foot, reels miles off by the score;
Yet cannot fly from sluggards who can win,
Nor lift a pound of bad luck from the floor.

JAMES WHITELY

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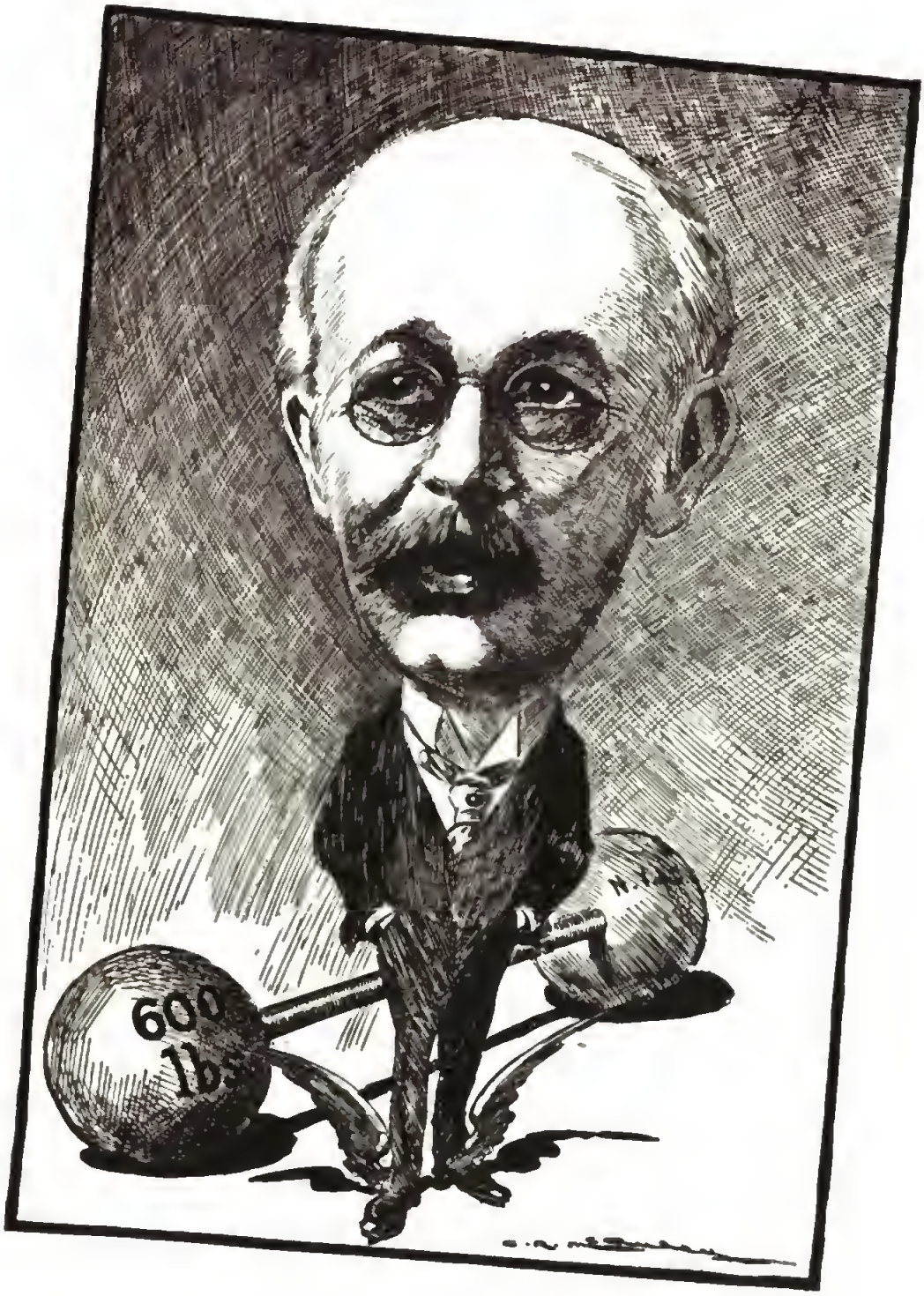
600
lb.

ET me drink deep to Paragon Au Fait,
Whose father shone in many a bloody fray.
His frays tho' bloodless make a world of smoke,
Betraying fires to limn his winning way.

DANIEL T. WORDEN

LLAH" be praised! There is a man I've seen
Who dares to scoff at motive gasoline;
Who can deride that somnolescent fad
Of "link," and "tee," and blasphemy, and spleen.

RICHARD H. HALSTED

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HAT'S here? A Mercury with swift winged heels,
Whose mandates every nation's market feels.
Who writes on curing colds yet has them too,
And carries in his head all things but wheels.

GEORGE D. MACKAY

HOW NOT TO CATCH COLD

H lucky man that hath a farmer's mien,
And speculator's soul! Nor gold or "Green"
That are not legal tender falls to thee,
No trickster fools thee till thou'st first been "seen."

WILLIAM A. PUTNAM

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TRANGE is it not? That he who's fortune's swayed,
Should ever have at Agriculture played.
Potatoes are as gems; hay's threaded gold,
And dollars drown in each turn of the spade.

FREDERICK G. RENNER

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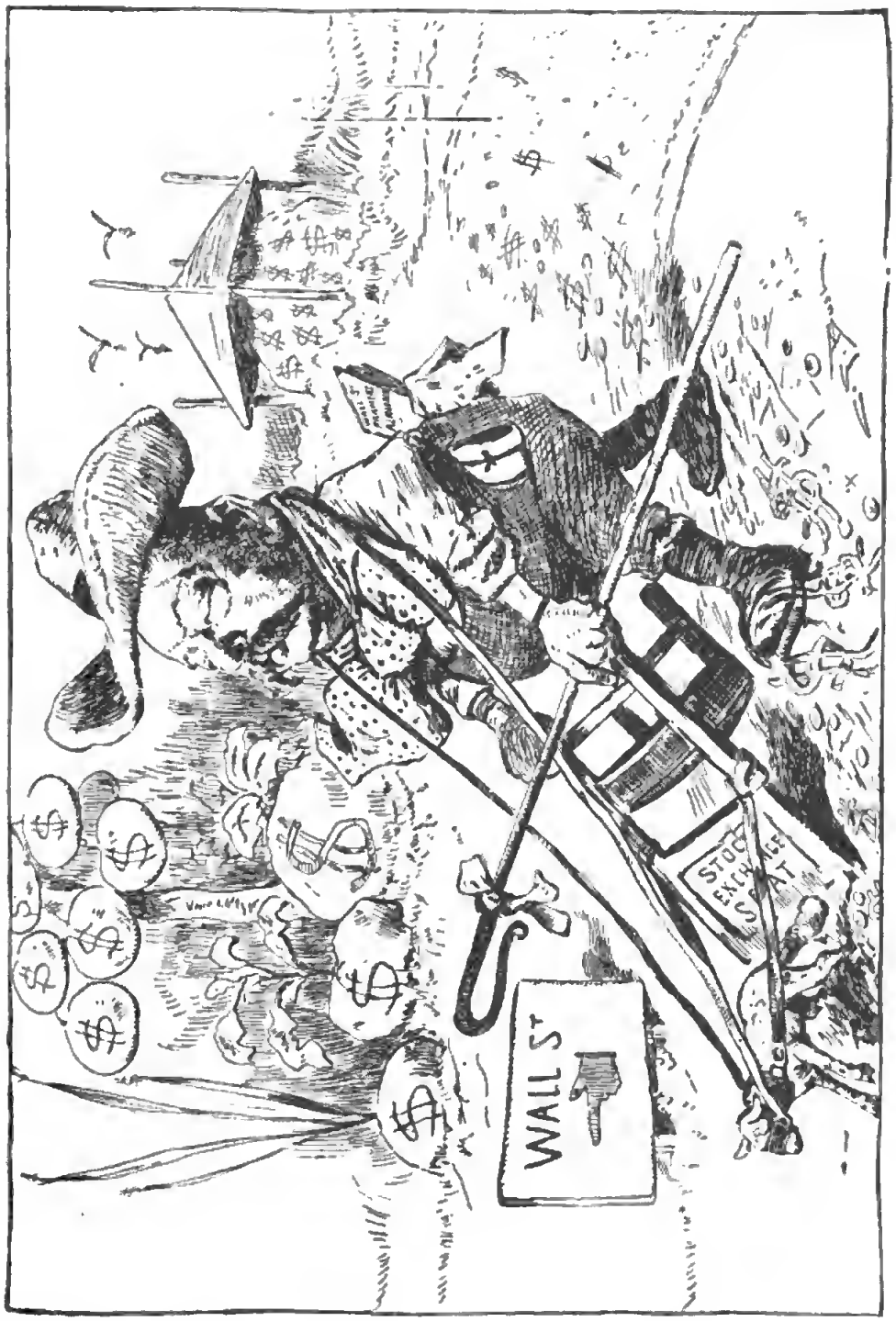
WALL ST
STOCK EXCHANGE

E never knew the wine cup or the stage,
Was never in the wars that women wage;
Still trifles he with millions and per cents,
And staggers financiers not half his age.

RUSSELL SAGE

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"GO TO, ANDY!
THY STUNT SEEMETH
LIKE UNTO 30 ST
SHORN
LAMBS

LL mariners to Neptune meekly bow,
Save Commodores, and one's before me now.
Mindful of deeds that held the sea in awe,
The Sea-God stands abashed with naked brow.

FREDERICK T. ADAMS

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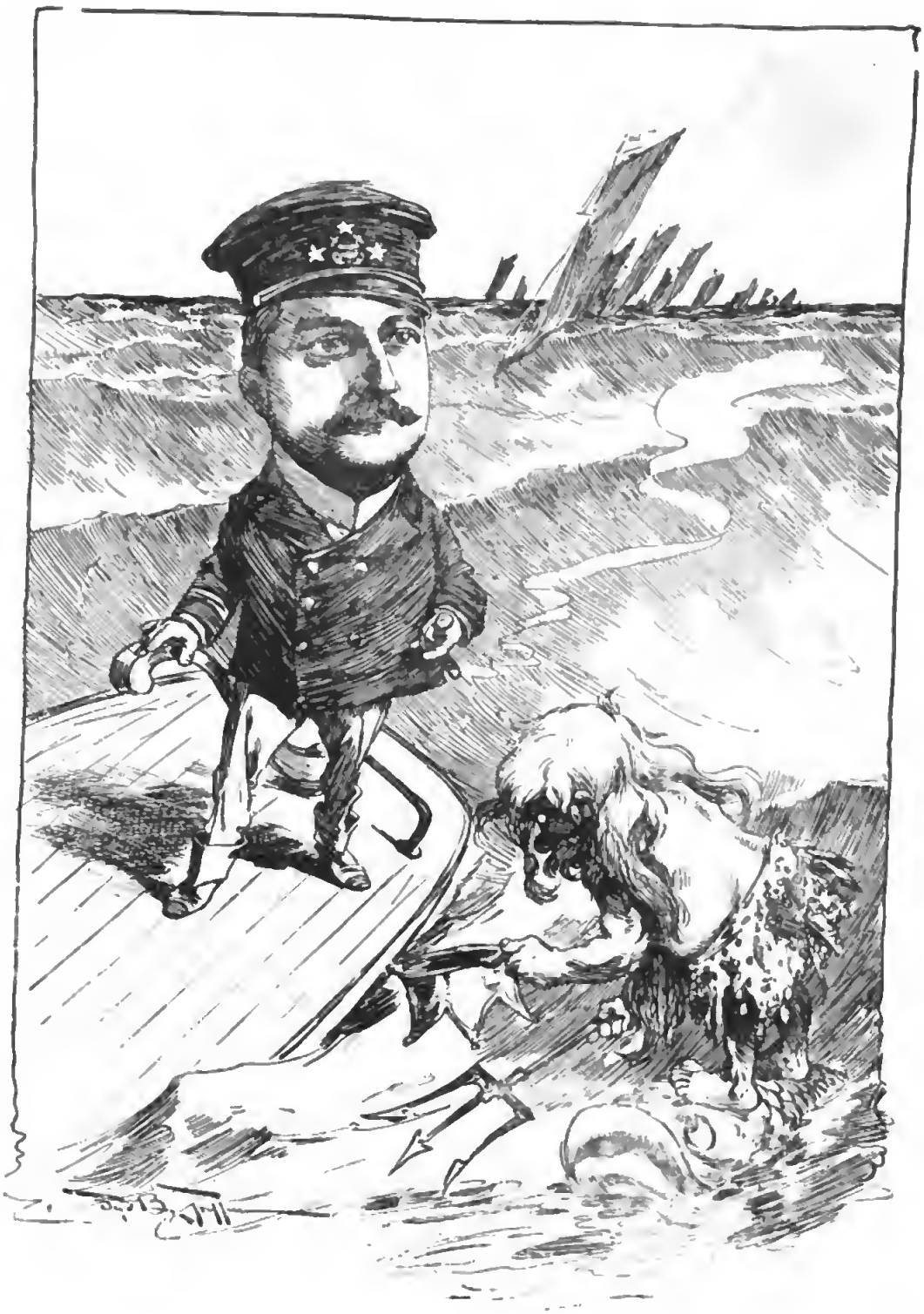

ING me a song that lauds the summer sea,
And glorifies our pink of Infantry.
Poet awake! Write me a roundelay
Anent the Rein-King's latest victory.

HENRY BLOCK

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3rd Ave
MONON
ROUTE
LAKE ERIE

URE Atlas bore no burden like to thine!
"Corn, Wine and Wool" are written on thy sign.
Now one sets wits to gathering of the other,
Inspiring wives to 'plaints not all Divine.

STEPHEN H. BROWN

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WHISKEY
WOOL

ARK where Content along the highway whirls,
Unmindful of the market's madd'ning swirls!
He hath no fad save for that dread machine
Reliant as the flitting whims of girls.

HARRY CONTENT

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I am CONTENT without a fad.

TAKE not thine all on fields where "Bookie" stalks,
For there's a price for everything that talks.
And 'tis an axiom old as Mother Goose
Intention wavers when Good Fortune balks.

CHARLES H. DEWITT

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O! where the dumb steered by the glib of tongue,
Stems speculation's flood! Thy day is young
And gives no inkling of the nightfall's gain:—
So odd lot plungers e'er by chance are "strung."

ROBERT P. DORBMUS

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DO RE MI FA LA

ORE than one Frederick the Great has reigned,
Who hath the sweets of broadened Empire Gained;
Whose kites must fly, whose aims are never missed,
Whose tickers taped success that others pained.

FREDERICK EDEY

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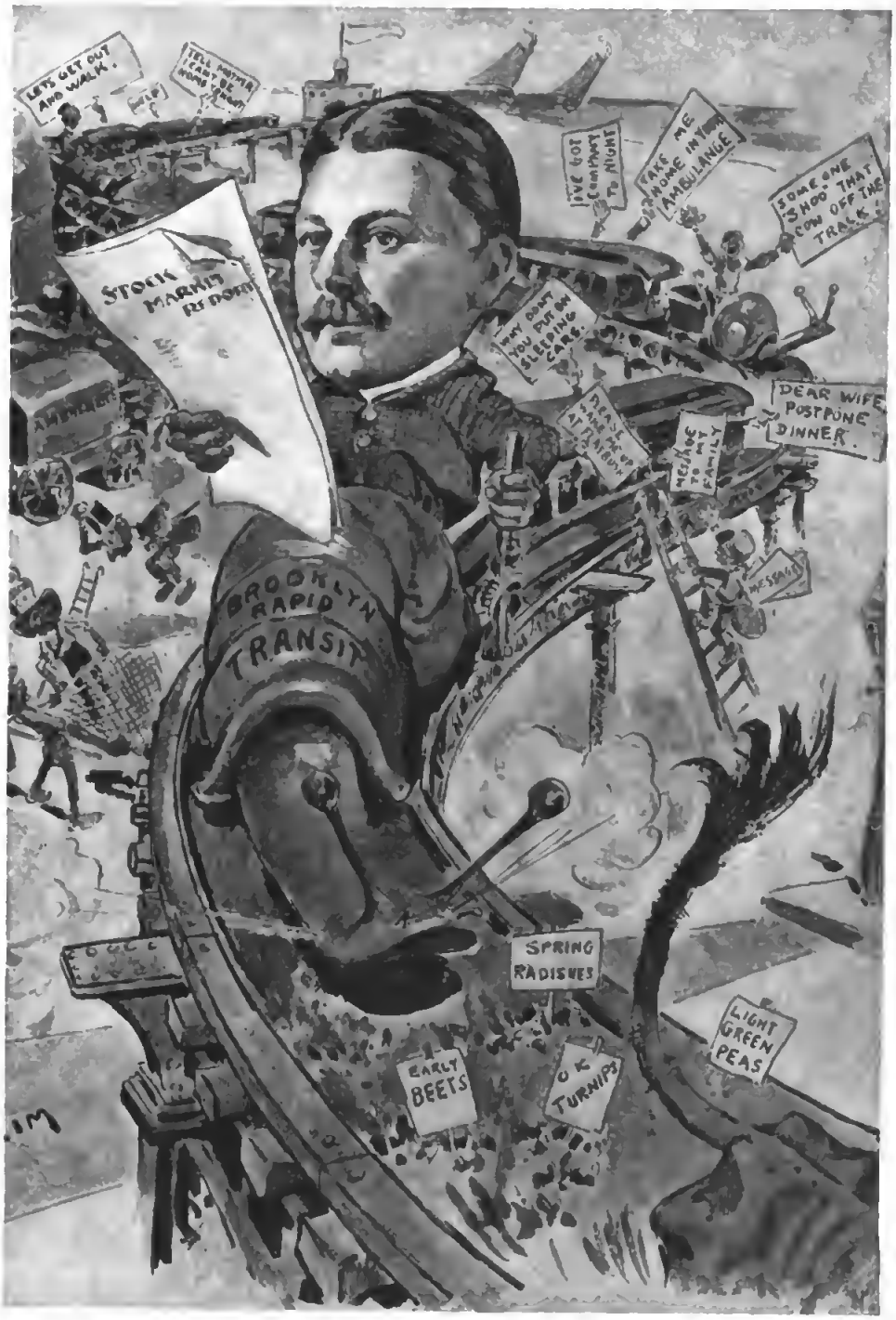
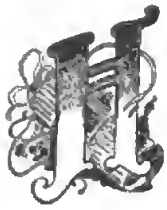
H, shame of Brooklyn! That a tyrant Flower
Should rule the transit of this bed-time bower!
Is there no force to move the snailish pace
Of trains that disregard the dinner hour?

FREDERICK S. FLOWER


LETS GET OUT AND WALK.
HELP
TELL MOTHER I AIN'T BE HOME TO DINNER
STOCK MARKET
TAKE ME HOME IN YOUR AMBULANCE
SOMEONE SHOO THAT COW OFF THE TRACK.
WHY DON'T YOU PUT ON SLEEPING CARS.
DEAR WIFE POSTPONE DINNER.
BROOKLYN RAPID TRANSIT
SPRING RADISHES
EARLY BEETS
OK TURNIPS
LIGHT GREEN PEAS



AIL to the chief who shuns grand stand parades,
And yet whose martial glory never fades!
Historians differ, but all write as one
Anent his battle of the Palisades.

FRANKLIN W. HOPKINS

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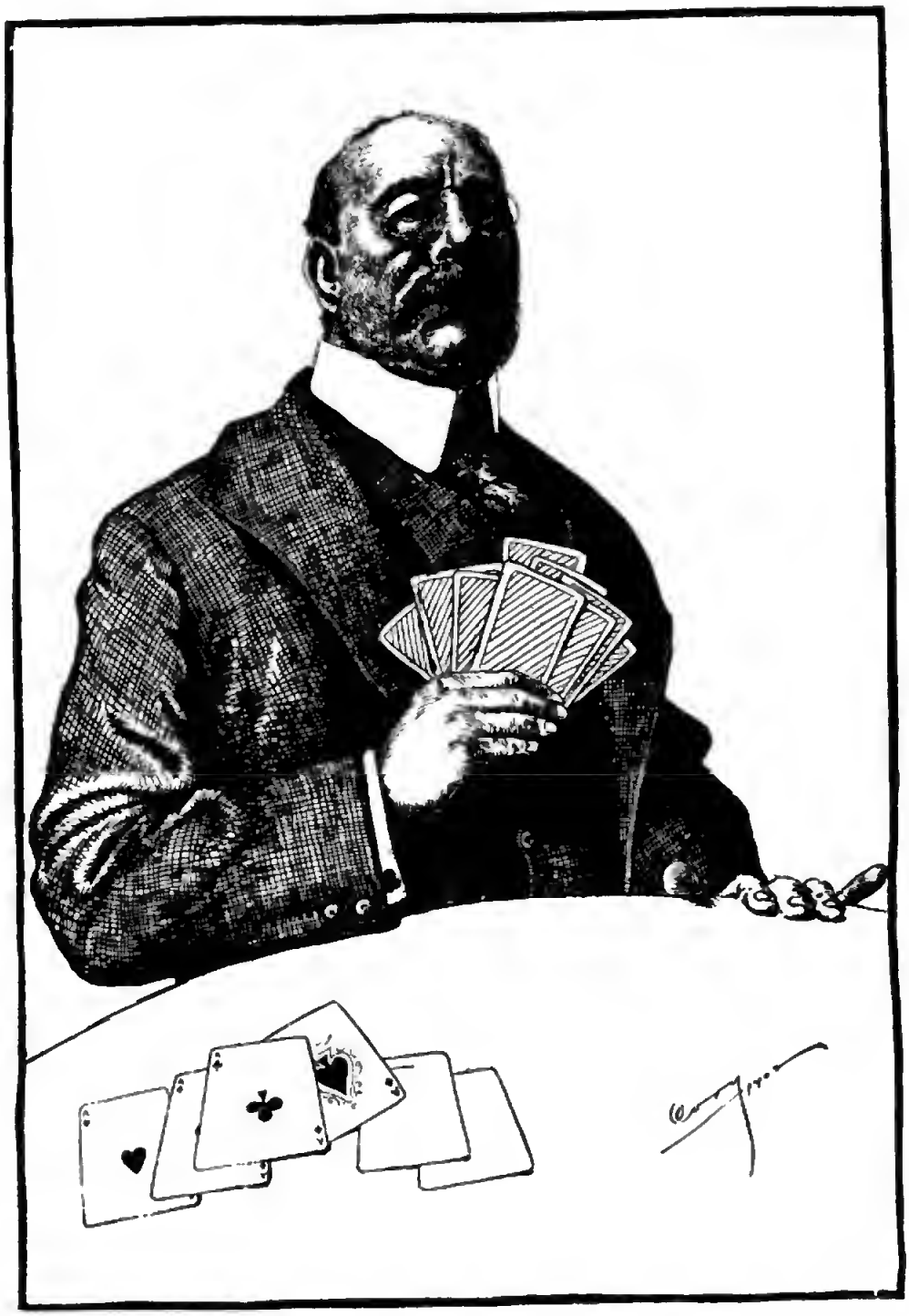
LL men are gamesters more or less, and this one
Was never known to see a chance and miss one.
Pinocle's hundred aces are to him
As simple as to win a child,—or kiss one.

JAMES M. LEOPOLD



SAW a Nero fiddling midst the flock
Of agnient victims singed with sugar stock,
Who feared nor bull nor bear. These looked askance,
And watered not this saccharinic rock.

OTTO S. LOEB

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LOBGESANG
SUGAR

" *T is to laugh.*" *Can anyone believe*
That cacchination ever could deceive?
Ah, innocent! Beware the laurelled wag
Who carries all his laughter up his sleeve.

JAMES MCGOVERN

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JIMMIE

HO molds his own career must ever feel
A confidence in self as strong as steel.
He can repair lost fortunes on demand,
Or manufacture an automobile.

ROBERT L. NILES

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XTRAVAGANCE in life is fortune's knell,
But, friend, beware! Guard not thy gold too well,
Lest nothing ventured, nothing has been won,
And thou art caught in envy's seething knell.

JAMES H. OLIPHANT

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I DONT WANT TO GO INTO THIS
RESERVED FOR J. H. OLI- PHANT

TRANGE how the bubbling glass and tinkling ice
Seems to inspire the oratoric vice!
Suggestive too, when fined for speeding fast,
Of phrase emphatic but not over nice.

WILLIAM B. OLIVER, JR.

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5223

"PEARL of Price" this sportsman is indeed!
The very birds yield to his rifle's greed;
The very horses laugh him to success,
And men and women marvel at his "speed."

DYER PEARL

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LOVE the trophied champion for his gains,
Save those that blow dumb creatures into pains;
But these can find their compensating balms
In gentler games where bloodless contest reigns.

WILLIAM H. SANDS

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PORTING and stocks are tandem industries,
And here's a dream that each exemplifies.
Happy the man who both can typify,
And capture gain or folly where it flies!

JOHN M. SHAW

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'WERE easier far to ride a lightning flash
Than still a spirit whose amusement's cash.
Be warned, proud plunger! Play doth leaven work,
And lighter makes the burden of a crash.

ISAAC N. SPIEGELBERG

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AIL on, O friend, toward that sweet Beyond,
Wafted to rest by Mem'ry's brightest wand!
For those who knew thee least sighed with regret
Envious of all of whom thou hadst been fond.

JOSEPH H. STERLING

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LEONA
N.Y.

EACEFUL and calm as indolent content
Is he who wildly figures out "per cent,"
And placidly awaits his fished for prey,
Whether the sum involved be lost or lent.

GEORGE W. STERN

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BEND before thee, Crichton of the floor,
Who muzzled "Bears" and stilled the mad "Bulls" roar,
Who quelled in mimic wars insensate foes,
But won in Loveland victories galore.

HENRY S. STERNBERGER

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HOSE fad is antique watches laughs at Fate,
For he imprisons time before too late.
So too might he make time upon the turf,
Could he but find a horse to bear his weight.

MAURICE M. STERNBERGER

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HEAR a whisper that grim Fate will yield,
That light once more'll suffuse the polo field;
That fines for speeding soon again shall be,
And Thalia's censor once again revealed.

WILLIAM L. STOW

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ICTION'S Doctor, Esculapia's fact!
Save that his nostrums breed orgaic pact,
Unerringness to bowls and billiard balls,
And balm for eyes in playful contest blacked.

N. Townsend Thayer

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AQUA
AQUA
AQUA

AY not Astronomy's a slumbrous art,
When here's a man so big of nerve and heart
That he can read the stars while holding wires,
To sway the wealth of nations wide apart.

FERDINAND M. THIERIOT

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HY father served our Nation's honored sire;
Which must explain the basis of thine ire,
That none save thou excels in everything,
Nor glows with Revolutionary fire.

FREDERICK B. TILGHMAN

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AIL King of Boxers! Years ago and since,
The "Handy Gent" hath made his rivals wince.
But 'twas reserved for thee to "Uppercut,"
"Side step" and "solar-plex" before a Prince.

CHARLES W. TURNER

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BANK
T. C. Fireman

AIL doughty master of the "Strike" and "Spare"!
Who scores as well among the beauteous fair!
For thy magnetic baritone swells out,
Enslaving e'en the circumambient air.

EDWARD R. VOLMER

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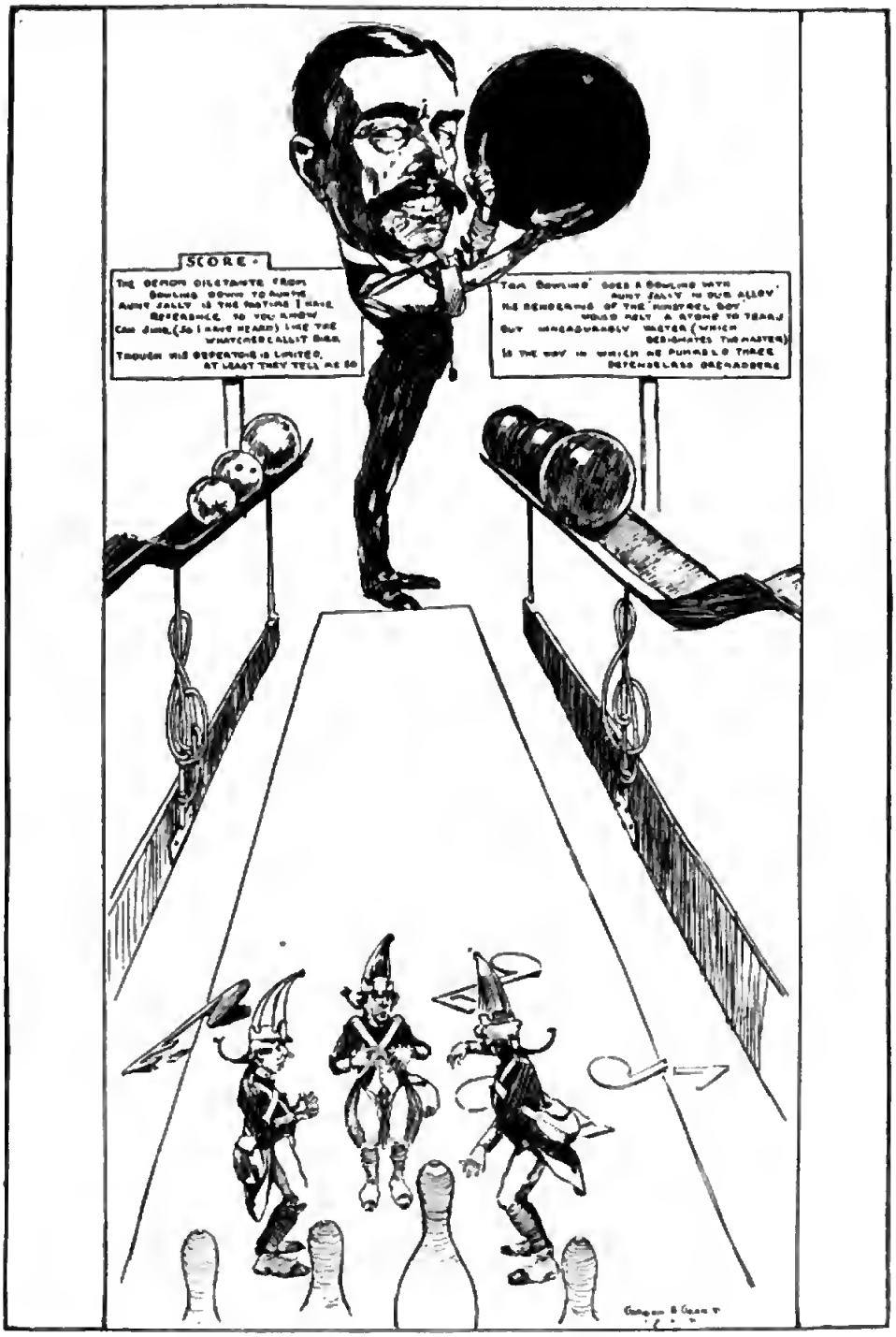
SCORE
THE DEMON DILETTANTE FROM
BOWLING DOWN TO AUNTIE
AUNT SALLY IS THE ROUTINE I HAVE
REFERENCE TO YOU KNOW
CAN JIMS (SO I HAVE HEARD) LIKE THE
WHATCHERCALLIT BIBB
THOUGH HIS OPERATIONS IS LIMITED,
AT LEAST THEY TELL ME SO
TOM BOWLING GOES A BOWLING INTO
AUNT SALLY IN OUR ALLEY
HE REMEMBERS OF THE MINSTREL BOY
WHO'D MELT A STONE TO TEARS
BUT UNMEASURABLY BETTER (WHICH
DESIGNATES THE MASTER)
IS THE WAY IN WHICH HE PUMMELS THREE
DEFENCELESS GRENADIERS

HO rides rough shod o'er foes and runs them down,
Bares his broad brow to wear the tyrant's crown;
But, mastered once the art of "Fairy Tales,"
His victim's groans in wonderment he'll drown.

EDWARD WASSERMAN

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½ FOR
10,000

LONESOME girl sojourning at a Spa,
A road flirtation from a motor car,
A window facing on the Avenue,
Soon must betray how masterful men are.

JESSE WASSERMAN

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ERFECTION'S barrell here hath loosed its bung!
A social lion sought by maidens young,
Received by alien lands as of the soil,
For he has every language on his tongue.

J. Norman Whitehouse

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SOCIETY
GERMAN MADE EASY
HOW TO TALK EVERY BODY ANSWER

LAS! that Thespia hath a king dethroned;
That matinees an idol hath bemoaned!
Oh Bull! oh Bear! oh Pelf! Why dim a star
To point with sins forever unatoned.

HARTWIG N. BARUCH

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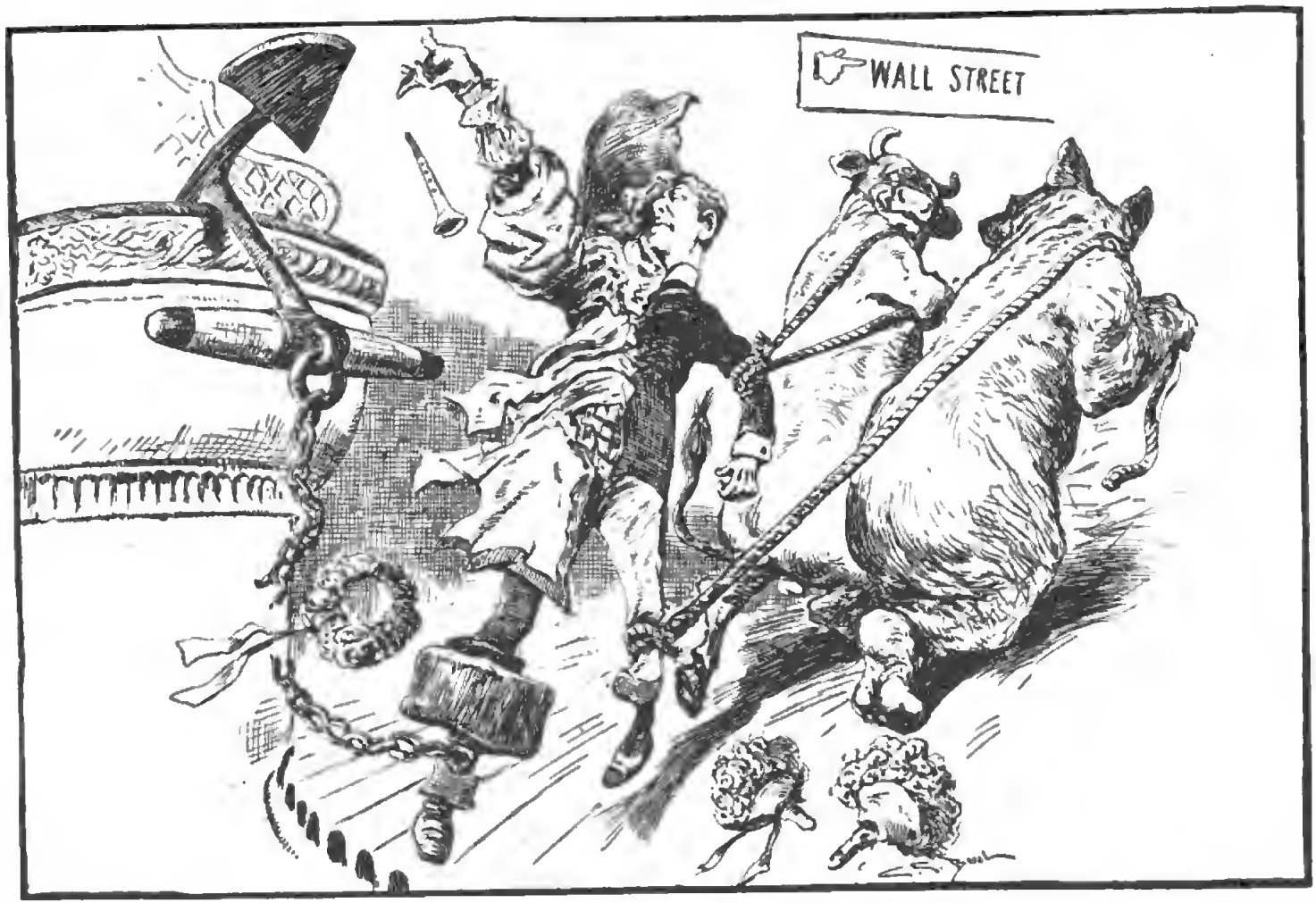
WALL STREET

H tricksy Wabash! Hast thou ever seen
Thine arch manipulator all serene,
Turn from the pyrotechnics of the Street
And seek the soothing rest of gasoline?

CLELAND BENEDICT

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WABASH

IS said that gossip curiously floats;
That news scribes climb our barriers like goats.
But rumor hath it—be it true or false,—
That there's "A chiel amang ye takin' notes."

LEMUEL C. BENEDICT

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O bull nor bear can sow temerity,
Nor dim the ardor of an F. F. V.
For speedway record breakings afternoons,
Or evenings passed midst rag-time memory.

JOHN KERR BRANCH

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F there could e'er exist some otherwhere
An Albert half so consummately rare,
Like his own cigarettes he'd end in smoke,
O'ermatched by this despoiler of the fair.

ALBERT O. BROWN

Digitized by Google

1902
LONDON
1903
PARIS
And B'WAY.

LOVE determination in a glance
That conquers enemies. Who hath a chance
Against the man who's buying everywhere,
And causes all who sell to look askance?

PHILIP T. BROWN

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

HAD wireless tickers been a settled thing,
Full many a yachtman ne'er had felt the sting
Of fortunes scattered on the summer winds,—
For he'd have placed his orders on the wing.

CHARLES S. BRYAN

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Digitized by Google

ORE wine! That my dense wonder may take wings
And soar with him who does so many things;
Golf, Fashions, Auto, Avenue parades,
And still has time for speculative flings.

JACOB CAHN

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LATEST
FASHIONS

HIGH Balls to pledge the sport of rare resource!
Who, instinct with the legends of the course,
Turns stables into ball rooms for a day,
Then demonstrates there pugilistic force.

JAY F. CARLISLE

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MBITION overleap itself? Not so! Poo-poo!
There are few things that greatness cannot do.
Books, horses, politics, mixed with finance,—
And he can eat his cake and have it too.

BIRD S. COLER

I DONE IT
TABASCO

BAT! A Ball! A high one and thou'lt see
How past performances enduring be;
For he can knock Bull pitchers from the box,
Or, if he will, make Bears "skin up a tree."

WALTER J. CURRIE

Digitized by Google

ARK here New Jersey's Croesus! Money lent
From out his coffers beareth 12 per cent.
Men like to fish swarm madly to his creel,
And he has trained his brawn to wrongs resent.

HOWARD P. FROTHINGHAM

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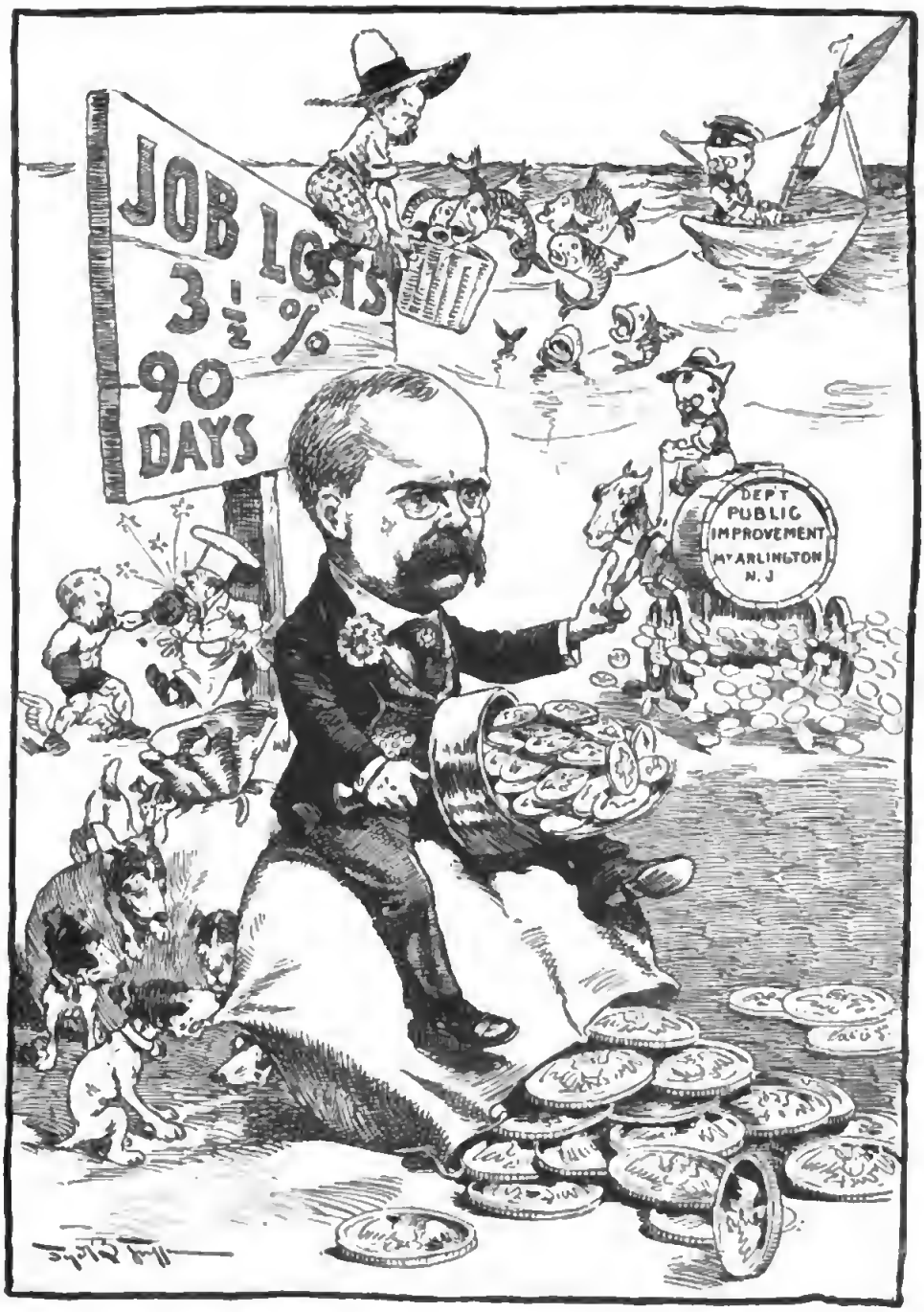
JOB LOTS
3½%
90
DAYS
DEPT
PUBLIC
IMPROVEMENT
Mt ARLINGTON
N. J

SAW "The man who knows it all." No book
Could teach him aught. One psychologic look,
And horses, dogs, and golf balls yielded sway
Like black 'gainst white at chess without a rook.

ROBERT GOODBODY

Digitized by Google

HO'S schooled in law is well equipped for stocks
For each the other's linen often crocks.
And law is oft invoked in ticklish times
To warn unwary plungers from the rocks.

ARTHUR M. LAWRENCE

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HE "Little Billee" of the floor's recess,
The Mighty William of art and finesse;
He writes to charm, converses but to thrill,
When clients great permit him to digress.

I. Chauncey McKeever

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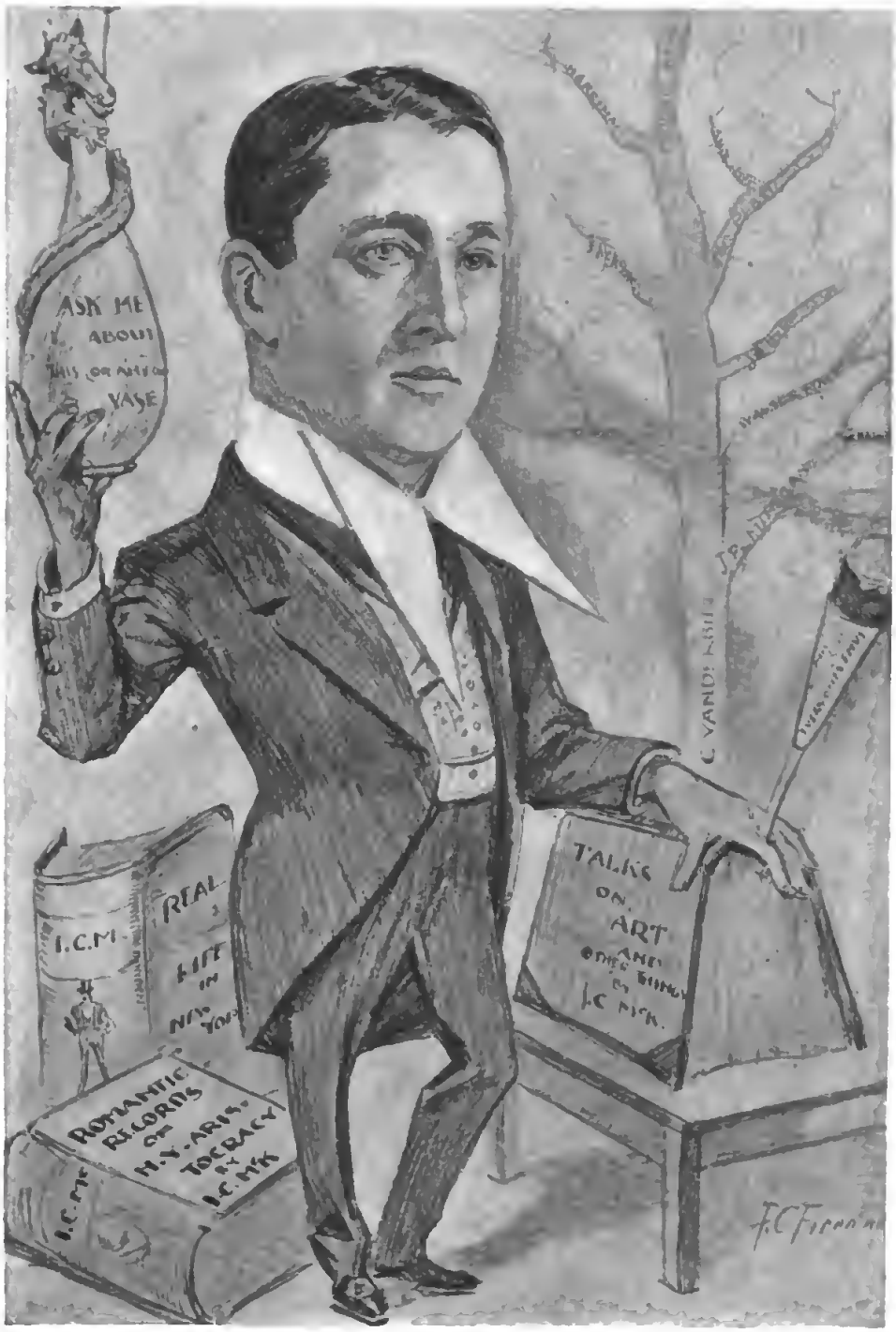
ASK ME
ABOUT
VASE
REAL
LIFE
IN
N.Y.
TALKS
ON
ART
AND
OTHER
THINGS
BY
J.C. NICK.
ROMANTIC
RECORDS
OF
N.Y. ARIS-
TOCRACY
BY
J.C. NYK
J.C. NYK
C. VAN DER HEYDEN
F.C. Fiennes

LOVE the restless soul who pleasures found
In music noises while the neighbors frowned.
Whose prancing steed is his comrade alway,
Save when invading Europe with a bound.

FREDERICK W. PERRY

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GEO. HARRIMAN
1903

N eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A smile that kills while seeming to be bland;
A nerve of iron,—an order,—and behold,
His victims are ensnared on every hand.

MILLARD F. POLHEMUS

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H arrogance of wealth that can allure
The delver after fame, the helpless poor!
The world of art and music, women too;—
All are fish for his net, and all are sure.

HENRY W. POOR

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"I MAY SAY AT ONCE, I'M A MAN OF PROPERTEE,
HEY WALL STREET, WALL STREET, O!
MONEY I DESPISE IT, BUT MANY PEOPLE PRIZE IT,
HEY WALL STREET, WALL STREET, O!"
GROSVENOR POOR.

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IMPLE indeed to juggle trolley cars,
When he who rules the road lets down the bars;
And easier still to laugh at knocks and blows,
When Doctor Whitney's by to heal the scars.

CORNELIUS W. PROVOST

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O call him "Ariel" who cannot run,
Might well be termed non alcoholic fun;
The tortoise "gets there" sometime, so may he,
For seldom's perfect what's too quickly done.

NATHANIEL D. PUTNAM

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H rara avis! Yoking Bull and Bear,
And "Playing them both ways from anywhere"
His car's a philanthropic Juggernaut,
And future Fame-bees buzz on every air.

LEONARD SCHAFER

Digitized by Google

STOCK EXCHANGE
ORPHANS HOME
"HE KIN GIVE "TIM" SULLIWAN ALL KINDS OF LESSONS IN PHILANTERPY
"HE'S ME FRIEND HE IS."
"HE'S ALL RIGHT SEE."

OME fly to music moved by vain pretense,
Some to disturb as if by mal prepense.
This one does neither, but once at the keys,
Stamps other "thumpers" down as thirty cents.

WILLIAM H. SUSSDORFF

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ARK well this brow benignant and serene,
Which, contemplating, turns all rivals green.
Small wonder? Aye, perhaps great Wonder too,
He's hand in hand, and backed by mighty Keene.

TALBOT J. TAYLOR

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